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RURAL RIDE

*Of a Hundred and Four Miles,
from Kensington to Uphusband;*

INCLUDING A

RUSTIC HARANGUE

*At Winchester, at a Dinner with
the Farmers, on the 28th Sept.*

*Chilworth, near Guildford, Surrey,
Wednesday, 25th Sept. 1822.*

THIS morning I set off, in rather a drizzling rain, from Kensington, on horse-back, accompanied by my son James, with an intention of going to UPHUSBAND, near ANDOVER, which is situated in the North West corner of Hampshire. It is very true that I could have gone to Uphusband by travelling only about 66 miles, and in the space of about *eight hours*. But, my object was, not to see inns and turnpike-roads, but to see the *country*; to see the farmers at *home*, and to see the labourers *in the fields*; and to do this you must go either on foot or on horseback. With a *gig* you

cannot get about amongst *bye lanes* and *across fields*, through *bridle-ways* and *hunting-gates*; and to *tramp* it is too *slow*, leaving the *labour* out of the question, and that is not a trifle.

We went through the turnpike-gate at Kensington, and immediately turned down the lane to our left, proceeded on to Fulham, crossed Putney-bridge into Surrey, went over Barnes Common, and then, going on the upper side of Richmond, got again into *Middlesex* by crossing Richmond-bridge. All *Middlesex* is *ugly*, notwithstanding the millions upon millions which it is continually sucking up from the rest of the kingdom; and, though the Thames and its meadows now-and-then are seen from the road, the country is not less ugly from Richmond to Chertsey-bridge, through Twickenham, Hampton, Sunbury and Sheperton, than it is elsewhere. The soil is a gravel at bottom with a black loam at top near the Thames; further back it is a sort of spewy gravel; and the

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buildings consist generally of tax-eaters' showy, tea-garden-like boxes, and of shabby dwellings of labouring people, who, in this part of the country, look to be about half *Saint Giles's*: dirty, and have every appearance of drinking gin.

At Chertsey, where we came into Surrey again, there was a *Fair* for horses, cattle and pigs. I did not see any sheep. Every thing was exceedingly *dull*. Cart colts, two and three years old, were selling for *less than a third* of what they sold for in 1813. The cattle were of an inferior description to be sure; but the price was low almost beyond belief. Cows, which would have sold for 15*l.* in 1813, did not get buyers at 3*l.* I had not time to inquire much about the pigs, but a man told me that they were dirt-cheap. Near Chertsey is *Saint Anne's Hill* and some other pretty spots. Upon being shown this hill I was put in mind of Mr. Fox; and that brought into my head a grant that he obtained of *Crown Lands* in this neighbourhood, in, I think, 1806. The Duke of York obtained, by Act of Parliament, a much larger grant of these lands, at Oatlands, in 1804, I think it was. But this was *natural enough*; this is what would *surprize nobody*. Mr. Fox's was another affair; and especially

when taken into view with what I am now going to relate. In 1804 or 1805, *FORDYCE*, the late Duchess of Gordon's brother, was Collector General (or had been) of taxes in Scotland, and owed a *large arrear* to the public. He was also *Surveyor of Crown Lands*. The then Opposition were for hauling him up. Pitt was again in power. Mr. CREEVEY was to bring forward the motion in the House of Commons, and Mr. Fox was to support it, and had actually spoken once or twice, in a preliminary way, on the subject. Notice of the motion was regularly given; it was put off from time to time, and, at last, *dropped*, Mr. Fox *declining* to support it. I have no *books* at hand; but the affair will be found recorded in the Register. It was not owing to Mr. CREEVEY that the thing did not come on. I remember well; that it was owing to Mr. Fox. Other motives were stated; and those others might be the real motives; but, at any rate, the next year, or the year after, Mr. Fox got transferred to him a part of that estate, which belongs to the *public*, and which was once so great, called the *Crown Lands*; and of these lands *Fordyce* long had been, and then was, the Surveyor. Such are the facts: let

the reader reason upon them and draw the conclusion.

This county of Surrey presents to the eye of the traveller a greater contrast than any other county in England. It has some of the very best and some of the worst lands, not only in England, but in the world. We were here upon those of the latter description. For five miles on the road towards Guildford the land is a rascally common, covered with poor heath, except where the gravel is so near the top as not to suffer even the heath to grow. Here we enter the enclosed lands, which have the gravel at bottom, but a nice light, black mould at top; in which the trees grow very well. Through bye-lanes and bridleways we came out into the London road, between *Ripley* and *Guildford*, and immediately crossing that road, came on towards a village called *Merrow*. We came out into the road just mentioned, at the lodge-gates of a *Mr. Weston*, whose mansion and estate have just passed (as to occupancy) into the hands of some *new man*. At *Merrow*, where we came into the *Epsom* road, we found, that *Mr. Webb Weston*, whose mansion and park are a little further on towards London, had just *walked out*, and left it in possession of

another *new man*. This gentleman told us, last year, at the *Epsom Meeting*, that he was *losing his income*; and I told him *how it was* that he was losing it! He is said to be a very worthy man; very much respected; a very good landlord; but, I dare say, he is one of those who approved of yeomanry cavalry to *keep down* the "Jacobins and Levellers;" but, who, in fact, as I always told men of this description, have *put down* themselves and their landlords; for, without them this thing never could have been done. To ascribe the whole to *contrivance* would be to give to Pitt and his followers too much credit for profundity; but, if the knaves who assembled at the Crown and Anchor in the Strand, in 1793, to put down, by the means of prosecutions and spies, those whom they called "Republicans and Levellers;" if these knaves had said, "let us go to work to induce the owners and occupiers of the land to convey their estates and their capital into our hands," and if the Government had corresponded with them in views, the effect could not have been more complete than it has, thus far, been. The yeomanry actually, as to the effect, drew their swords to keep the reformers at bay, while the tax

eaters were taking way the estates and the capital. It was the sheep surrendering up the dogs into the hands of the wolves.

Lord Onslow lives near Merrow. This is the man that was, for many years, so famous as a driver of *four in hand*. He used to be called *Tommey Onslow*. He has the character of being a very good landlord. I know he called me "a d——d *Jacobin*" several years ago, only, I presume, because I was labouring to preserve to him the means of still driving four in hand, while he, others like him, and their Yeomanry Cavalry, were working as hard to defeat my wishes and endeavours. They say here, that, some little time back, his Lordship, who has, at any rate, had the courage to *retrench* in all sorts of ways, was at Guildford in a *gig* with one horse, at the very moment, when *Spicer*, the Stockbroker, who was a Chairman of the Committee for prosecuting Lord Cochrane, and who lives at *Esher*, came rattling in with *four horses and a couple of out-riders*! They relate an observation made by his Lordship, which may, or may not, be true, and which therefore, I shall not repeat. But, my Lord, there is another sort of courage; courage other than that

of *retrenching*, that would become you in the present emergency: I mean *political* courage; and, especially the courage of *acknowledging your errors*; confessing that you were wrong, when you called the reformers jacobins and levelers; the courage of now joining them in their efforts to save their country, to regain their freedom, and to preserve to you your estate, which is to be preserved, you will observe, by no other means than that of a Reform of the Parliament. It is now manifest even to fools, that it has been by the instrumentality of a base and fraudulent paper-money, that loan-jobbers, stock-jobbers and jews have got the estates into their hands. With what eagerness, in 1797, did the nobility, gentry and clergy, rush forward to give their sanction and their support to the system which then began, and which has finally produced what we now behold! They assembled in *all the counties*, and put forth *declarations*, that they would *take the paper of the Bank*, and that they would *support the system*. Upon this occasion the county of *Surrey* was the very *first* county; and, on the list of signatures, the very *first* name was *Onslow*! There may be sales and conveyances;

there may be recoveries, deeds, and other parchments; but, *this* was the real *transfer*; this was the real *signing away* of the estates.

To come to *Chilworth*, which lies on the south side of St. Martha's Hill, most people would have gone along the level road to Guildford and come round through Shawford under the hills; but we, having seen enough of streets and turnpikes, took across over Merrow Down, where the Guildford Race-course is, and then mounted the "Surrey Hills," so famous for the prospects they afford. Here we looked back over Middlesex, and into Buckinghamshire and Berkshire, away towards the North West, into Essex and Kent towards the East, over part of Sussex to the South, and over part of Hampshire to the West and South West. We are here upon a bed of chalk, where the downs always afford good sheep food. We *steered* for St. Martha's Chapel, and went round at the foot of the lofty hill on which it stands. This brought us down the side of a steep hill and along a bridle-way, into the narrow and exquisitely beautiful vale of *Chilworth*, where we were to stop for the night. This vale is skirted partly by woodlands and partly by sides of

hills tilled as corn fields. The land is excellent, particularly towards the bottom. Even the arable fields are in some places, towards their tops, nearly as steep as the roof of a tiled house; and where the ground is covered with woods the ground is still more steep. Down the middle of the vale there is a series of ponds, or small *lakes*, which meet your eye, here and there, through the trees. Here are some very fine farms, a little strip of meadows, some hop-gardens, and the lakes have given rise to the establishment of powder-mills and paper-mills. The trees of all sorts grow well here; and coppices yield poles for the hop-gardens and wood to make charcoal for the powder-mills.

They are sowing wheat here, and the land, owing to the fine summer that we have had, is in a very fine state. The rain, too, which, yesterday, fell here in great abundance, has been just in time to make a really good wheat-sowing season. The turnips, all the way that we have come, are good. Rather *backward* in some places; but in sufficient quantity upon the ground, and there is yet a good while for them to grow. All the *fall fruit* is excellent, and in great abund-

ance. The grapes are as good as those raised under glass. The apples are much richer than in ordinary years. The crop of hops has been very fine here, as well as every where else. The crop not only large, but good in quality. They expect to get *six* pound a hundred for them at Weighhill Fair. That is *one* more than I think they will get. The best Sussex hops were selling in the Borough of Southwark at *three* pounds a hundred a few days before I left London. The *Farnham* hops *may* bring double that price; but, that, I think, is as much as they will; and this is *ruin* to the hop-planter. The *tax* with its attendant inconveniences, amount to a pound a hundred; the picking; drying and bagging to 50s. The carrying to market not less than 5s. Here is the sum of 3*l.* 10s. of the money. Supposing the crop to be half a ton to the acre, the bare tillage will be 10s. The poles for an acre cannot cost less than 2*l.* a-year; that is another 4s. to each hundred of hops. This brings the outgoings to 82s. Then comes the *manure*, then comes the poor-rates, and road-rates, and county-rates; and if these leave one single farthing for *rent* I think it is strange.

I hear, that Mr. BIRKBECK is *expected home from America!* It is said, that he is coming to receive a *large legacy*; a thing not to be overlooked by a person who lives in a country where he can have *land for nothing!* The truth is, I believe, that there has lately died a gentleman, who has bequeathed a part of his property to pay the creditors of a relation of his who some years ago became a bankrupt, and one of whose creditors Mr. BIRKBECK was. What the amount may be I know not; but I have heard, that the bankrupt had a *partner* at the time of the bankruptcy; so that, there must be a good deal of difficulty in settling the matter in an equitable manner. The *Chancery* would draw it out (supposing the present system to continue) till, in all human probability, there would not be as much left for Mr. BIRKBECK as would be required to pay his way back again to the Land of Promise. I hope he is coming here to remain here. He is a very clever man, though he has been very abusive and very unjust with regard to me.

Lea, near Godalming, Surrey,
Thursday, 26 Sept.

We started from Chilworth this morning, came down the vale, left the village of Shawford to our

right, and that of Womersley to our left, and, crossing the river Wey, got into the turnpike-road between Guildford and Godalming, went on through Godalming, and got to Lea, which lies to the north-east snugly under Hind-Head, about 11 o'clock. This was coming only about eight miles, a sort of rest after the 32 miles of the day before. Coming along the road a farmer overtook us, and as he had known me from seeing me at the Meeting at Epsom last year, I had a part of my main business to perform, namely, to talk politics. He was going to *Haslemere* Fair. Upon the mention of that sink-hole of a Borough, which sends, "*as clearly as the sun at noonday*," the celebrated *Charles Long*, and the scarcely less celebrated *Robert Ward*, to the celebrated House of Commons, we began to talk, as it were, spontaneously, about *Lord Lonsdale* and the *Lowthers*. The Farmer wondered why the *Lowthers* that were the owners of so many farms should be for a system which was so manifestly taking away the estates of the Landlords and the capital of the Farmers, and giving them to Jews, Loan-Jobbers, Stock-Jobbers, Placemen, Pensioners, Sinecure People, and People of the "*Dead Weight*." But, his wonder ceased;

his eyes were opened; and "*his heart seemed to burn within him as I talked to him on the way*," when I explained to him the nature of *Crown-Lands* and "*Crown-Tenants*," and when I described to him certain districts of property in Westmoreland and other parts. I had not the Book in my pocket, but my memory furnished me with quite a sufficiency of matter to make him perceive, that, in supporting the present system, the *Lowthers* were by no means so foolish as he appeared to think them. From the *Lowthers* I turned to Mr. *Poyntz*, who lives at *Midhurst* in Sussex, and whose name as a "*Crown-Tenant*" I find in a Report lately laid before the House of Commons, and the particulars of which I will state another time for the information of the people of Sussex. I used to wonder myself what made Mr. *Poyntz* call me a Jacobin. I used to think that Mr. *Poyntz* must be a fool to support the present system. What I have seen in that Report convinces me that Mr. *Poyntz* is no fool, as far as relates to his own interest, at any rate. There is a mine of wealth in these "*Crown-Lands*." Here are farms, and manors, and mines, and woods, and forests, and houses and streets, incalcula-

ble in value. What can be so proper as to apply this public property towards the discharge of a part, at least, of that public debt, which is hanging round the neck of this nation like a mill-stone? Mr. *Ricardo* proposes to sieze upon a part of the private property of every man to be given to the Stock-Jobbing race. At an act of injustice like this the mind revolts. The foolishness of it besides is calculated to shock one. But, in the *public property* we see the suitable thing. And who can possibly object to this, except those, who, amongst them, now divide the possession or benefit of this property? I have once before mentioned, but I will repeat it, that *Marlbrough House* in Pall Mall, for which the *Prince of Saxe-Coburg* pays a rent to the *Duke of Marlborough* of *three thousand pounds a-year*, is rented of this generous public by that most Noble Duke at the rate of less than *forty pounds a-year*. There are three houses in Pall Mall, the whole of which pay a rent to the public of about fifteen pounds a-year, I think it is. I myself, twenty-two years ago, paid *three hundred pounds a-year* for one of them, to a man that I thought was the owner of them; but I now find that these houses belong to the

public. The *Duke of Buckingham's* house in Pall Mall, which is one of the grandest in all London, and which is not worth less than seven or eight hundred pounds a-year, belongs to the public. The Duke is the tenant; and I think he pays for it much less than twenty pounds a-year. I speak from memory here all the way along; and therefore not positively; I will, another time, state the particulars from the books. The book that I am now referring to is also of a date of some years back; but, I will mention all the particulars another time. Talk of *reducing rents*, indeed! Talk of *generous landlords*! It is the public that is the generous landlord. It is the public that lets its houses and manors and mines and farms at a cheap rate. It certainly would not be so good a landlord if it had a Reformed Parliament to manage its affairs, nor would it suffer so many snug *Corporations* to carry on their smugglings in the manner that they do; and therefore it is obviously the interest of the rich tenants of this poor public, as well as the interest of the smugglers in *Corporations*, to prevent the poor public from having such a Parliament.

We got into free-quarter again

at Lea; and there is nothing like free-quarter, as soldiers well know. Lea is situated on the edge of that immense heath which sweeps down from the summit of Hind-Head across to the north over innumerable hills of minor altitude and of an infinite variety of shapes towards Farnham, to the north-east, towards the Hog's Back, leading from Farnham to Guildford, and to the east, or nearly so, towards Godalming. Nevertheless, the inclosed lands at Lea are very good and singularly beautiful. The timber of all sorts grows well; the land is light, and being free from stones, very pleasant to work. If you go southward from Lea about a mile you get down into what is called, in the old Acts of Parliament, the *Weald* of Surrey. Here the land is a stiff tenacious loam at top with blue and yellow clay beneath. This *Weald* continues on eastward, and gets into Sussex near East Grinstead, thence it winds about under the hills, into Kent. Here the oak grows finer than in any part of England. The trees are more spiral in their form. They grow much faster than upon any other land. Yet, the timber must be better; for, in some of the Acts of Queen Elizabeth's reign, it is provided, that the oak

for the Royal Navy shall come out of the Wealds of Surrey, Sussex, or Kent.

Odiham, Hampshire,
Friday, 27 Sept.

From *Lea* we set off this morning about six o'clock to get free-quarter again at a worthy old friend's at this nice little plain market-town. Our direct road was right over the heath through *Tilford* to *Farnham*; but we veered a little to the left after we came to *Tilford*, at which place on the Green we stopped to look at an *oak tree*, which, when I was a little boy, was but a very little tree, comparatively, and which is now, take it altogether, by far the finest tree that I ever saw in my life. The stem or shaft is short; that is to say, it is short before you come to the first limbs; but it is full *thirty feet round*, at about eight or ten feet from the ground. Out of the stem there come not less than fifteen or sixteen limbs, many of which are from five to ten feet round, and each of which would, in fact, be considered a decent stick of timber. I am not judge enough of timber to say any thing about the quantity in the whole tree, but my son stepped the ground, and as nearly as we could judge, the diameter of the extent of the branches was up-

wards of ninety feet, which would make a circumference of about three hundred feet. The tree is in full growth at this moment. There is a little hole in one of the limbs; but, with that exception, there appears not the smallest sign of decay. The tree has made great shoots in all parts of it this last summer and spring; and there are no appearances of *white* upon the trunk, such as are regarded as the symptoms of full growth. There are many sorts of oak in England; two very distinct: one with a pale leaf, and one with a dark leaf: this is of the pale leaf. The tree stands upon Tilford Green, the soil of which is a light loam with a hard sand-stone a good way beneath, and, probably, clay beneath that. The spot where the tree stands is about a hundred and twenty feet from the edge of a little river, and the ground on which it stands may be about ten feet higher than the bed of that river.

In quitting Tilford we came on to the land belonging to Waverly Abbey, and then, instead of going on to the town of Farnham veered away to the left towards *Wrecklesham*, in order to cross the Farnham and Alton turnpike-road, and to come on by the side of *Crondall* to *Odiham*. We went a

little out of the way to go to a place called [the *Bourne*, which lies in the heath at about a mile from Farnham. It is a winding narrow valley, down which, during the wet season of the year, there runs a stream, beginning at the *Holt Forest*, and emptying itself into the *Wey*, just below Moor-Park, which was the seat of *Sir William Temple*, when *Swift* was residing with him. We went to this Bourne, in order that I might show my son the spot where I received the rudiments of my education. There is a little hop-garden in which I used to work when from eight to ten years' old; from which I have scores of times run to follow the hounds, leaving the hoe to do the best that it could to destroy the weeds; but, the most interesting thing was, a *sand-hill*, which goes from a part of the heath down to the rivulet. As a due mixture of pleasure with toil, I, with two brothers, used occasionally to *desport* ourselves, as the Lawyers call it, at this sand-hill. Our diversion was this: we used to go to the top of the hill, which was steeper than the roof of a house; one used to draw his arms out of the sleeves of his smock-frock, and lay himself down with his arms by his sides; and then the

others, one at head and the other at feet, sent him rolling down the hill like a barrel or a log of wood. By the time he got to the bottom his hair, eyes, ears, nose and mouth, were all full of this loose sand; then the others took their turn, and at every roll, there was a monstrous spell of laughter. I had often told my sons of this while they were very little, and I now took one of them to see the spot. But, that was not all. This was the spot where I was receiving my *education*; and this was the sort of education; and I am perfectly satisfied that if I had not received such an education, or something very much like it; that, if I had been brought up a milk-sop, with a nursery-maid everlastingly at my heels; I should have been at this day as great a fool, as inefficient a mortal, as any of those frivolous idiots that are turned out from Winchester and Westminster School, or from any of those dens of dunces called Colleges and Universities. It is impossible to say how much I owe to that sand-hill; and I went to return it my thanks for the ability which it probably gave me to be one of the greatest terrors, to one of the greatest and most powerful body of knaves and fools, that ever were permitted

to afflict this or any other country.

From the Bourne we proceeded on to *Wrecklesham*, at the end of which, we crossed what is called the *river Weg*. Here we found a parcel of labourers at parish-work. Amongst them was an old play-mate of mine. The account they gave of their situation was very dismal. The harvest was over early. The hop-picking is now over; and now they are employed *by the Parish*; that is to say, not absolutely digging holes one day and filling them up the next; but at the expense of half-ruined farmers and tradesmen and landlords, to break stones into very small pieces to make nice smooth roads lest the jolting in going along them, should create bile in the stomachs of the overfed tax-eaters. I call upon mankind to witness this scene; and to say, whether ever the like of this was heard of before. It is a state of things, where all is out of order; where self-preservation, that great law of nature, seems to be set at defiance; for here are farmers, *unable* to pay men for working for them, and yet compelled to pay them for working in doing that which is really of no use to any human being. There lie the hop-poles unstripped. You see

a hundred things in the neighbouring fields that want doing. The fences are not nearly what they ought to be. The very meadows to our right and our left in crossing this little valley would occupy these men advantageously until the setting in of the frost; and here are they, not, as I said before, actually digging holes one day and filling them up the next; but to all intents and purposes, as uselessly employed. Is this Mr. Canning's "*Sun of Prosperity*?" Is this the way to increase or preserve a nation's wealth? Is this a sign of wise legislation and of good government? Does this thing "*work well*," Mr. Canning? Does it prove, that we want no change? True, you were born under a Kingly Government; and so was I as well as you; but I was not born under *Six-Acts*; nor was I born under a state of things like this. I was not born under it, and I do not wish to live under it; and, with God's help, I will change it if I can.

We left these poor fellows, after having given them, not "*religious Tracts*," which would, if they could, make the labourer content with half starvation, but, something to get them some bread and cheese and beer, being firmly convinced, that it is the body that

wants filling and not the mind. However, in speaking of their low wages, I told them, that the farmers and hop-planters were as much objects of compassion as themselves, which they acknowledged.

We immediately after this crossed the road, and went on towards Crondall upon a soil that soon became stiff loam and flint at top with a bed of chalk beneath. We did not go to Crondall; but kept along over *Slade-Heath*, and through a very pretty place called *Well*. We arrived at *Odiham* about half after eleven, at the end of a beautiful ride of about seventeen miles in a very fine and pleasant day.

Winchester,
Saturday, 28th September.

Just after day-light we started for this place. By the turnpike we could have come through *Basingstoke* by turning off to the right, or through *Alton* and *Alresford* by turning off to the left. Being naturally disposed towards a middle course, we chose to wind down through *Upton-Gray*, *Preston-Candover*, *Chilton-Candover*, *Brown-Candover*, then down to *Ovington*, and into *Winchester* by the north entrance. From *Wrecklesham* to *Winchester* we have come over roads and lanes of

flint and chalk. The weather being dry again, the ground under you is solid as iron, and makes a great rattling with the horses' feet. The country where the soil is stiff loam upon chalk, is never bad for corn. Not rich, but never poor. There is at no time any thing deserving to be called dirt in the roads. The buildings last a long time from the absence of fogs and also the absence of humidity in the ground. The absence of dirt makes the people habitually cleanly; and all along through this country the people appear in general to be very neat. It is a country for sheep, which are always sound and good upon this iron soil. The trees grow well, where there are trees. The woods and coppices are not numerous; but they are good, particularly the ash, which always grows well upon the chalk. The oaks, though they do not grow in the spiral form, as upon the clays, are by no means stunted; and some of them very fine trees; I take it, that they require a much greater number of years to bring them to perfection than in the *Wealds*. The wood, perhaps, may be harder; but I have heard, that the oak, which grows upon these hard bottoms, is very frequently what the carpenters call *shaky*. The un-

derwoods here consist, almost entirely, of *hazle*, which is very fine, and much tougher and more durable than that which grows on soils with a moist bottom. This *hazle* is a thing of great utility here. It furnishes rods wherewith to make fences; but its principal use is, to make *wattles* for the folding of sheep in the fields. These things are made much more neatly here than in the south of Hampshire and in Sussex, or in any other part that I have seen. Chalk is the favourite soil of the *yew-tree*; and at *Preston-Candover* there is an avenue of *yew-trees*, probably a mile long, each tree containing, as nearly as I can guess, from twelve to twenty *feet of timber*, which, as the reader knows, implies a tree of considerable size. They have probably been a century or two in growing; but, in any way that timber can be used, the timber of the *yew* will last, perhaps, ten times as long as the timber of any other tree that we grow in England.

Quitting the *Candovers*, we came along between the two estates of the two *Barings*. Sir Thomas, who has supplanted the Duke of Bedford, was to our right, while Alexander, who has supplanted Lord Northington, was on our left. The latter has en-

closed, as a sort of outwork to his park, a pretty little down called Northington Down, in which he has planted, here and there, a clump of trees. But Mr. *Baring*, not reflecting that woods are not like funds, to be made at a heat, has planted his trees *too large*; so that they are covered with moss, are dying at the top, and are literally growing downward instead of upward. In short, this enclosure and plantation have totally destroyed the beauty of this part of the estate. The down, which was before very beautiful, and formed a sort of *glacis* up to the park pales, is now a marred, ragged, ugly looking thing. The dying trees, which have been planted long enough for you not to perceive that they have been planted, excite the idea of sterility in the soil. They do injustice to it; for, as a down it was excellent. Every thing that has been done here is to the injury of the estate, and discovers a most shocking want of taste in the projector. Sir Thomas's plantations, or, rather, those of his father, have been managed more judiciously.

I do not like to be a sort of spy in a man's neighbourhood; but I will tell Sir Thomas Baring what I have heard; and if he be a man of sense, I shall have his thanks,

rather than his reproaches, for so doing. I may have been misinformed; but this is what I have heard, that he, and also Lady Baring, are very *charitable*; that they are very kind and compassionate to their poor neighbours; but that they tack a sort of *condition* to this charity; that they insist upon the objects of it adopting their notions with regard to *religion*; or, at least, that, where the people are not what they deem *pious*, they are not objects of their benevolence. I do not say, that they are not perfectly sincere themselves, and that their wishes are not the best that can possibly be; but of this I am very certain, that, by pursuing this principle of action, where they make one good man or woman, they will make one hundred hypocrites. It is not little books that can make a people good; that can make them moral; that can restrain them from committing crimes. I believe that books, of any sort, never yet had that tendency. Sir Thomas does, I dare say, think me a very wicked man, since I aim at the destruction of the funding-system, and what he would call a robbery of what he calls the public creditor; and yet, God help me, I have read books enough, and amongst the rest, a great part of the reli-

gious tracts. Amongst the labouring people the first thing you have to look after is, *common honesty, speaking the truth and refraining from thieving*; and to secure these, the labourer must have *his belly full* and be *free from fear*; and this belly full must come to him from out of his *wages*, and not from benevolence of any description. Such being my opinion, I think Sir Thomas Baring would do better, that he would discover more real benevolence, by using the influence which he must naturally have in his neighbourhood, to *prevent a diminution in the wages of labour*.

Winchester,
Sunday Morning, 29 Sept.

Yesterday was market-day here. Every thing *cheap*, and *falling* instead of rising. If it were *over-production* last year, that produced the *distress*, when are our miseries to have an end! They will end when these men cease to have sway; and not before.

I had not been in Winchester long before I heard something very interesting about the *manifesto*, which was lately issued here, and upon which I remarked in my last Register but one, in my Letter to Sir Thomas Baring. Proceeding upon the true *military principle*, I looked out for *free-*

quarter, which the reader will naturally think difficult for me to find in a town containing a *Cathedral*. Having done this, I went to the Swan Inn to *dine with the Farmers*. This is the manner that I like best of doing the thing. *Six-Acts* do not, to be sure, prevent us from *dining* together. They do not authorize Justices of the Peace to kill us, because we meet to *dine* without their permission. But, I do not like *Dinner-Meetings* on my account. I like much better to go and fall in with the *lads of the land*, or with any body else, at their own places of resort; and I am going to place myself down at *Uphusband*, in excellent *free-quarter*, in the midst of all the *great fairs* of the West, in order, before the winter campaign begins, that I may see as many farmers as possible, and that they may hear my opinions and I theirs. I shall be at *Weyhill Fair* on the 10th of October, and, perhaps, on some of the succeeding days; and, on one or more of those days, I intend to dine at the *White Hart* at *Andover*. What other fairs or places I shall go to I shall notify hereafter. And this I think the frankest and fairest way. I wish to see many people, and to talk to them; and there are a great many peo-

ple who wish to see and to talk to me. What better reason can be given for a man's going about the country and dining at Fairs and Markets?

At the dinner at Winchester we had a good number of opulent yeomen, and many gentlemen joined us after the dinner. The state of the country was *well talked over*; and, during the *session* (much more sensible than some other *sessions* that I have had to remark on) I made the following

RUSTIC HARANGUE.

GENTLEMEN, — Though many here are, I am sure, glad to see me, I am not vain enough to suppose that any thing other than that of wishing to hear my opinions on the prospects before us can have induced many to choose to be here to dine with me to-day. I shall, before I sit down, propose to you a *toast*, which you will drink, or not, as you choose; but, I shall state one particular wish in that shape, that it may be the more distinctly understood, and the better remembered.

The wish, to which I allude, relates to the *tithes*. Under that word I mean to speak of all that mass of wealth, which is vulgarly called *Church property*; but which is, in fact, *public pro-*

perty, and may, of course, be disposed of as the Parliament shall please. There appears at this moment an uncommon degree of anxiety on the part of the parsons to see the farmers enabled to pay *rents*. The business of the parsons being only with *tithes*, one naturally, at first sight, wonders why they should care so much about *rents*. The fact is this: they see clearly enough, that the landlords will never long go *without rents*, and suffer them to enjoy the *tithes*. They see, too, that there must be a struggle between the *land* and the *funds*: they see that there is such a struggle. They see, that it is the taxes that are taking away the rent of the landlord and the capital of the farmer. Yet the parsons are *afraid to see* the taxes reduced. Why? Because, if the taxes be reduced in any great degree (and nothing short of a great degree will give relief,) they see, that the *interest of the Debt cannot be paid*; and they know well, that the interest of the Debt can never be reduced, until their *tithes* have been reduced. Thus, then, they find themselves in a great difficulty. They wish the *taxes to be kept up* and *rents to be paid too*. Both cannot be, unless some means or other be found out of putting into,

or keeping in, the farmer's pocket, money that is not now there.

The scheme that appears to have been fallen upon for this purpose is the strangest in the world, and it must, if attempted to be put into execution, produce something little short of open and general commotion; namely, that of reducing the wages of labour to a mark so low as to make the labourer a walking skeleton. Before I proceed further, it is right that I communicate to you an explanation, which, not an hour ago, I received from Mr. POULTER, relative to the *manifesto*, lately issued in this town by a Bench of Magistrates of which that Gentleman was Chairman. I have not the honour to be personally acquainted with Mr. POULTER; but, certainly, if I had misunderstood the *manifesto*, it was right that I should be, if possible, made to understand it. Mr. POULTER, in company with another gentleman, came to me in this Inn, and said, that the bench did not mean that their resolutions should have the effect of *lowering the wages*; and that the sums stated in the paper, were sums to be given in the way of *relief*. We had not the paper before us, and, as the paper contained a good deal about relief, I,

in recollection, confounded the two, and said, that I had understood the paper agreeably to the explanation. But, upon looking at the paper again, I see, that, as to the *words*, there was a clear recommendation to make the *wages* what is there stated. However, seeing that the Chairman himself disavows this, we must conclude, that the bench put forth words not expressing their meaning. To this I must add, as connected with the *manifesto*, that it is stated in that document, that such and such justices were present, *and a large and respectable number of yeomen who had been invited to attend*. Now, Gentlemen, I was, I must confess, struck with this *addition* to the bench. These gentlemen have not been accustomed to treat farmers with so much attention. It seemed odd, that they should want a set of farmers to be present, to give a sort of sanction to their acts. Since my arrival in Winchester, I have found, however, that having them *present* was not all; for, that the *names* of some of these yeomen were actually inserted in the *manuscript* of the *manifesto*, and that those names were expunged *at the request of the parties named*. This is a very singular proceeding, then,

altogether. It presents to us a strong picture of the diffidence, or modesty (call it which you please) of the justices; and it shows us, that the yeomen present did not like to have *their names* standing as giving sanction to the resolutions contained in the manifesto. Indeed, they knew well, that those resolutions never could be acted upon. They knew that they could not live in safety even in the *same village* with labourers, paid at the rate of 3, 4, and 5 shillings a-week.

To return, now, Gentlemen, to the scheme for squeezing rents out of the bones of the labourer, is it not, upon the face of it, most monstrously absurd, that this scheme should be resorted to, when the plain and easy and just way of insuring rents must present itself to every eye, and can be pursued by the Parliament whenever it choose? We hear loud outcries against the poor-rates; the *enormous* poor-rates; the *all-devouring* poor-rates; but, what are the facts? Why, that, in Great Britain, *six millions* are paid in poor-rates, *seven millions* (or thereabouts) in *tithes*, and *sixty millions* to the fund-people, the army, placemen, and the rest. And yet, nothing of all this seems to be thought of but the *six mil-*

lions. Surely the other and so much larger sums ought to be thought of. Even the *six millions* are, for the far greater part, *wages* and not poor-rates. And yet all this outcry is made about these *six millions*, while not a word is said about the other *sixty-seven millions*.

Gentlemen, to enumerate all the ways, in which the public money is spent, would take me a week. I will mention two classes of persons who are receivers of taxes; and you will then see with what *reason* it is, that this outcry is set up against the poor-rates and against the amount of wages. There is a thing called the *Dead Weight*. Incredible as it may seem, that such a vulgar appellation should be used in such a way and by such persons, it is a fact, that the Ministers have laid before the Parliament an account, called the account of the *Dead Weight*. This account tells how *five millions three hundred thousand pounds* are distributed annually amongst half-pay officers, pensioners, retired commissaries, clerks, and so forth, employed during the last war. If there were nothing more entailed upon us by that war, this is pretty smart-money. Now, unjust, unnecessary as that war was, detes-

table as it was in all its principles and objects, still to every man, who really did *fight*, or who performed a soldier's duty abroad, I would give *something*: he should not be left destitute. But, Gentlemen, is it right for the nation to keep on *paying for life* crowds of young fellows such as make up the greater part of this *dead weight*? This is not all, however, for, there are the *widows* and the *children*, who have, and are to have, *pensions too*. You seem surprised, and well you may; but this is the fact. A young fellow, who has a *pension for life*, aye, or an *old fellow* either, will easily get a wife to enjoy it with him, and he will, I'll warrant him, take care that *she shall not be old*. So that here is absolutely a premium for entering into the holy state of matrimony. The husband, you will perceive, cannot *prevent the wife* from having the pension after his death. She is *our widow*, in this respect, not his. She marries, in fact, with a *jointure* settled on her. The more children the husband leaves the better for the widow; for *each child has a pension* for a certain number of years. The man, who, under such circumstances, does not marry, must be a woman-hater. An old man actually going

into the grave, may, by the mere ceremony of marriage, give any woman a *pension for life*. Even the widows and children of *insane* officers are not excluded. If an officer, now insane, but at large, were to marry, there is nothing, as the thing now stands, to prevent his widow and children from having pensions. Were such things as these ever before heard of in the world? Were such premiums ever before given for breeding gentlemen and ladies, and that, too, while all sorts of projects are on foot to *check the breeding of the labouring classes*? Can such a thing go on? I say it cannot; and, if it could, it must inevitably render this country the most contemptible upon the face of the earth. And yet, not a word of complaint is heard about these *five millions and a quarter*, expended in this way, while the country *rings, fairly resounds*, with the outcry about the *six millions* that are given to the labourers in the shape of poor-rates, but which, in fact, go, for the greater part, to pay what ought to be called *wages*. Unless, then, we speak out here; unless we call for redress here; unless we here seek relief, we shall not only be totally ruined, but we shall *deserve it*.

The other class of persons, to whom I have alluded, as having taxes bestowed on them, are the *poor clergy*. Not of the church as by law established, to be sure, you will say! Yes, Gentlemen, even to the poor clergy of the established Church. We know well how *rich* that Church is; we know well how many millions it annually receives; we know how opulent are the bishops, how rich they die; how rich, in short, a body it is. And yet *fifteen hundred thousand pounds* have, within the same number of years, been given, out of the taxes, partly raised on the labourers, for the *relief* of the *poor clergy* of that Church, while it is notorious that the livings are given in numerous cases by *twos* and *threes* to the same person, and while a clamour, enough to make the sky ring, is made about what is given in the shape of *relief to the labouring classes*! Why, Gentlemen, what do we want more than this one fact? Does not this one fact sufficiently characterize the system under which we live? Does not this prove, that a *change*, a *great change*, is wanted? Would it not be more natural to propose to get this money back *from the Church*, than to squeeze so much out of the bones of the labourers? This

the Parliament can do, if it pleases; and this it will do, *if you do your duty*.

Passing over several other topics, let me, Gentlemen, now come to what, at the present moment, most nearly affects you; namely, the *prospect as to prices*. In the first place, this depends upon whether Peel's Bill will be repealed. As this depends a good deal upon the Ministers, and as I am convinced, that they know no more what to do in the present emergency than the little boys and girls that are running up and down the street before this house, it is *impossible* for me, or for any one, to say what will be done in this respect. But, my *opinion* is decided, that the Bill will *not be repealed*. The Ministers see, that, if they were *now* to go back to the paper, it would not be the paper of 1819; but a paper *never to be redeemed by gold*; that it would be *assignats* to all intents and purposes. That *must* of necessity cause the complete overthrow of the Government in a very short time. If, therefore, the Ministers see the thing in this light, it is impossible, that they should think of a repeal of Peel's Bill. There appeared, last winter, a strong disposition to repeal the Bill; and I verily believe, that a repeal *in*

effect, though not in name, was actually in contemplation. A Bill was brought in, which was described beforehand as intended to prolong the issue of *small notes*, and also to prolong the time for making Bank of England notes a *legal tender*. This would have been a repealing of Peel's Bill in great part. The Bill, when brought in, and when passed, as it finally was, contained no clause relative to legal tender; and without that clause it was perfectly nugatory. Let me explain to you, Gentlemen, what this Bill really is. In the seventeenth year of the late King's reign, an Act was passed for a time limited, to prevent the issue of notes payable to bearer on demand, for any sums *less than five pounds*. In the twenty-seventh year of the late King's reign, this Act was made *perpetual*; and the preamble of the Act sets forth, that it is made perpetual, because, the *preventing of small notes being made has been proved to be for the good of the nation*. Nevertheless, in just ten years afterwards; that is to say, in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven, when the Bank stopped payment, this salutary Act was *suspended*; indeed, it was absolutely necessary, for there was no gold to pay

with. It continued suspended, until 1819, when Mr. Peel's Bill was passed, when a Bill was passed to suspend it still further, until the year 1825. You will observe, then, that, last winter there were yet three years to come, during which the banks might make small notes if they would. Yet this new Bill was passed last winter to authorize them to make small notes until the year 1833. The measure was wholly uncalled for. It appeared to be altogether unnecessary; but, as I have just said, the intention was to introduce into this Bill a clause to continue the *legal tender* until 1833; and that would, indeed, have made a great alteration in the state of things; and, if extended to the Bank of England, would have been, in effect, a complete repeal of Peel's Bill.

It was fully expected by the country-bankers, that the *legal tender* clause would have been inserted; but, before it came to the trial, the Ministers gave way, and the clause was not inserted. The reason for their giving way, I do verily believe, had its principal foundation in their perceiving, that the public would clearly see, that such a measure would make the paper-money merely *assignats*. The *legal tender* not

having been enacted, the Small-note Bill can do nothing towards augmenting the quantity of circulating medium. As the law now stands, Bank of England notes are, in effect, a *legal tender*. If I owe a debt of twenty pounds, and tender Bank of England notes in payment, the law says that you shall not *arrest me*; that you may *bring your action*, if you like; that I may pay the notes into Court; that you may go on with your action; that you shall pay all the costs, and I none. At last you gain your action; you obtain judgment and execution, or whatever else the everlasting law allows of. And what have you got then? Why the *notes*; the same identical notes the Sheriff will bring you. You will not take them. Go to law with the Sheriff, then. He pays the *notes* into Court. More costs for you to pay. And thus you go on; but without ever touching or seeing gold!

Now, Gentlemen, Peel's Bill puts an end to all this pretty work on the first day of next May. If you have a handful of a country-banker's rags *now*, and go to him for payment, he will tender you Bank of England notes; and if you like the paying of costs you may go to law for gold. But when the first of next May comes,

he must put gold into your hands in exchange for your notes if you choose it; or you may clap a bailiff's hand upon his shoulder; and if he choose to pay into Court, he must pay in gold, and pay your costs also as far as you have gone.

This makes a strange alteration in the thing! And every body must see, that the Bank of England, and the country bankers; that all, in short, are preparing for the first of May. It is clear that there must be a further diminution of the paper-money. It is hard to say the precise degree of effect that this will have upon prices; but, that it must bring them down is clear; and, for my own part, I am fully persuaded, that they will come down to the standard of prices in France, be those prices what they may. This, indeed, was acknowledged by Mr. Huskisson in the Agricultural Report of 1821. That two countries so near together, both having gold as a currency or standard, should differ very widely from each other, in the prices of farm-produce, is next to impossible; and therefore, when our legal tender shall be completely done away, to the prices of France you must come; and those prices cannot, I think, in the present

state of Europe, much exceed *three or four shillings a bushel for good wheat.*

You know as well as I do, that it is impossible, with the present taxes and rates and tithes, to pay any rent at all with prices upon that scale. Let loan-jobbers, stock-jobbers, Jews, and the whole tribe of tax-eaters say what they will, you know that it is impossible, as you also know it would be cruelly unjust to wring from the labourer the means of paying rent, while those taxes and tithes remain. Something must be taken off. The labourers' wages have already been reduced as low as possible. All public pay and salaries ought to be reduced; and the tithes also ought to be reduced, as they might be to a great amount without any injury to religion. The interest of the debt ought to be largely reduced; but, as none of the others can, with any show of justice, take place, without a reduction of the tithes, and as I am for confining myself to one object at present, I will give you as a Toast, leaving you to drink it or not, as you please, **A LARGE REDUCTION OF TITHES.**

Somebody proposed to drink this toast with *three times three,*

which was accordingly done, and the sound might have been heard down to the close.—Upon some Gentleman giving *my health*, I took occasion to remind the company, that, the last time I was at Winchester we had the memorable fight with Lockhart "the Brave" and his sable friends. I reminded them, that it was in that same room that I told them, that it would not be long before Mr. Lockhart and those sable gentlemen would become enlightened; and I observed, that, if we were to judge from a man's language, there was not a land-owner in England that more keenly felt than Mr. Lockhart, the truth of those predictions which I had put forth at the Castle on the day alluded to. I reminded the company, that, I sailed for America in a few days after that meeting; that they must be well aware, that, on the day of the meeting, I knew that I was taking leave of the country, but, I observed, that I had not been in the least depressed by that circumstance; because, I relied, with perfect confidence, on being in this same place again, to enjoy, as I now did, a triumph over my adversaries.

After this Mr. Hector gave a *Constitutional Reform in the*

Commons' House of Parliament, which was drunk with great enthusiasm; and Mr. Hector's health having been given, he, in returning thanks, urged his brother yeomen and freeholders, to do their duty by coming forward in County Meeting and giving their support to those noblemen and gentlemen that were willing to stand forward for a reform and for a reduction of taxation. I held forth to them the example of the county of Kent, which had done itself so much honour by its conduct last spring. What these gentlemen in Hampshire will do, it is not for me to say. If nothing be done by them, they will certainly be ruined, and that ruin they will certainly deserve. It was to the farmers that the Government owed its strength to carry on the war. Having them with it, in consequence of a false and bloated prosperity, it cared not a straw for any body else. If they, therefore, now do their duty; if they all, like the yeomen and farmers of Kent, come boldly forward, every thing will be done necessary to preserve themselves and their country; and if they do not come forward, they will, as men of property, be swept from the face of the earth. The noblemen and gentlemen, who

are in Parliament, and who are disposed to adopt measures of effectual relief, cannot move with any hope of success unless backed by the yeomen and farmers, and the middling classes throughout the country generally. I do not mean to confine myself to yeomen and farmers, but to take in all tradesmen and men of property. With these at their back, or, rather, at the back of these, there are men enough in both Houses of Parliament, to propose and to urge measures suitable to the exigency of the case. But without the middling classes to *take the lead*, those noblemen and gentlemen can do nothing. Even the Ministers themselves, if they were so disposed (and they must be so disposed at last) could make none of the reforms that are necessary, *without being actually urged on by the middle classes of the community*. This is a very important consideration. A new man, as Minister, might indeed propose the reforms himself; but these men, Opposition as well as Ministry, are so *pledged* to the things that have brought all this ruin upon the country, that they absolutely stand in need of an overpowering call from the people to justify them in doing that which they themselves may think

just, and which they may know to be necessary for the salvation of the country. They dare not take the lead in the necessary reforms. It is too much to be expected of any men upon the face of the earth, pledged and situated as these Ministers are; and therefore, unless the people will do their duty, they will have themselves, and only themselves, to thank for their ruin, and for that load of disgrace, and for that insignificance worse than disgrace which seems, after so many years of renown, to be attaching themselves to the name of England.

*Uphusband,
Sunday Evening, 29 Sept. 1822.*

We came along the turnpike-road, through *Wherwell* and *Andover*, and got to this place about 2 o'clock. This country, except at the village and town just mentioned, is very open, a thinnish soil upon a bed of chalk. Between *Winchester* and *Wherwell* we came by some hundreds of acres of ground, that was formerly most beautiful down, which was broken up in dear-corn times, and which is now a district of thistles and other weeds. If I had such land as this I would soon make it down again. I would for once (that is to say if I had the money) get it quite clean, prepare it as for sow-

ing turnips, get the turnips if possible, feed them off early, or plough the ground if I got no turnips; sow thick with Saint-foin and meadow-grass seeds of all sorts, early in September; let the crop stand till the next July; feed it then slenderly with sheep, and dig up all thistles and rank weeds that might appear; keep feeding it, but not too close, during the summer and the fall; and keep on feeding it for ever after as a down. The Saint-foin itself would last for many years; and as it disappeared, its place would be supplied by the grass; that sort which was most congenial to the soil, would at last stifle all other sorts, and the land would become a valuable down as formerly.

I see that some plantations of ash and of hazle have been made along here; but, with great submission to the planters, I think they have gone the wrong way to work, as to the *mode of preparing the ground*. They have planted *small trees*, and that is right; they have *trenched* the ground, and that is also right; but they have brought the bottom soil to the top; and that is *wrong*, always; and especially where the bottom soil is gravel or chalk, or clay. I know that some people will say

that this is a *puff*; and let it pass for that; but if any gentleman that is going to plant trees, will look into my *Book on Gardening*, and into the Chapter on *Preparing the Soil*, he will, I think, see how conveniently ground may be trenched without bringing to the top that soil in which the young trees stand so long without making shoots.

This country, though so open, has its beauties. The homesteads in the sheltered bottoms with fine lofty trees about the houses and yards, form a beautiful contrast with the large open fields. The little villages, running straggling along the dells (always with lofty trees and rookeries) are very interesting objects, even in the winter. You feel a sort of satisfaction, when you are out upon the bleak hills yourself, at the thought of the shelter, which is experienced in the dwellings in the vallies.

Andover is a neat and solid market-town. It is supported entirely by the agriculture around it; and how the makers of *population returns* ever came to think of classing the inhabitants of such a town as this under any other head than that of "*persons employed in agriculture*," would appear astonishing to any man who

did not know those population-return makers as well as I do.

This village of *Uphusband*, the legal name of which is *Hurstbourne Tarrant*, is, as the reader of the *Register* will recollect, a great favourite with me, not the less so certainly on account of the excellent *free-quarter* that it affords. I gave a description of the country here in my *Register* of the 17th of November 1821, page 1129, and therefore need not repeat it here.

WM. COBBETT.

THE CHURCH.

[From the "*STATESMAN*," of Sept. 28.]

WE mean "the Church *as by law established*;" and we believe that we speak the opinion of ninety-nine men out of every hundred, when we say, that the *law* relating to it ought to be *greatly altered*, as far as regards the mode of *paying* and supporting the parsons. This is a subject of great importance, and it must pretty soon be discussed. In all times the priests have endeavoured to confound their *pecuniary emoluments* with *religion itself*: every man who has proposed to dimi-

nish the former has been accused of a design to destroy the latter: enmity to *tithes* has been deemed enmity to God.—Nothing, however, can be more false and wicked than this accusation. We find CHRIST and his Apostles always urging the necessity of *shunning riches* by those who were to preach the Gospel. All was to be humility, spare living, an avoiding of worldly shew and grandeur, and, above all things a contempt and even a dread and abhorrence of *worldly gain*.—Thus, we have, at the very fountain head, authority for saying, that the teachers of religion ought not to *be suffered to be rich*; that, so far from being richer, they ought to be *poorer* than other men; that *humility* is the great thing to be looked for in the Christian priest, and not airs of superiority. Strange, indeed, then, appear to be the notions of those, who preach up the doctrine, that to uphold *religion*, you must make the priest *a rich man*, give him horses and carriages, dogs, guns, and pleasure-gardens. Sir WILLIAM SCOTT, who is now a *lord*, when, in 1801, he introduced the Bill for giving the parsons new indulgences, insisted upon the necessity of enabling them to *make a figure in life*; to live on the *gentleman scale*; to enjoy them-

selves at *Watering-places*; and the like; and this, he said, was necessary to the *upholding of religion*.—What would *Saint Paul* have said to this? He who ordered the teachers to *work with their own hands*, that they might, out of the fruit of their own labour, have to give to the poor and needy? What would he, or JESUS CHRIST have said to a *teacher* rolling along in a coach and four, with half a dozen servants in livery? What would they have said to a *teacher* flying over a five-bar gate in a fox-chace, cracking his whip, cramming his finger into his ear, and hallooing like a mad man?—It was natural enough for Sir WILLIAM SCOTT, who was seated in Parliament by the parsons, to talk as he talked; but, we believe, that there is not a disinterested man in the whole kingdom, who will not say, that the *riches* of the parsons are not only not conducive to the upholding of religion; but that they are injurious to religion, and have a tendency to pull it down. —What is it that has produced so many *sects* in this country? They all profess the *Christian* religion. —Why, then, not all of us be of one sect? The reason is, that the parsons have, in consequence

of their riches, departed from that *humility* which was to be the great characteristic of the teachers of the Gospel of the *meek and lowly JESUS*. The people, minding the Bible, and anxious to follow its precepts, have quitted men who bear no sort of resemblance, either in dress, life or manners to those who first preached the Gospel. The people have been wholly unable to comprehend how the *successors* of Saint Paul and Saint Peter, the tent-maker and the fisherman, came to think of riding in coaches and six, and to be waited on by scores of gentlemen in livery. From this one glaring fact, the people, if they read the Bible, must necessarily have their doubts about the truth of the Bible, or, they must think that they had got a wrong sort of teachers. Hence it is that some have ceased to believe in the truth of the religion itself; but, that a much larger number have quitted these rich teachers and have gone to teachers who have less money and more zeal and piety. So that, at last, it is become as notorious as seat-selling, that the *most religious* part of the people *never go to the church* "as by law established." Then, if we look to America, where the people, taken as a whole, are the *most religious*

people in the whole world, and the most strict observers of the *Lord's Day*, we find no law whatever to compel any body to *pay* any thing to any priest. We nevertheless find priests enough. They are decently supported by the people. But, the law shuts them out from meddling with the powers of the *magistrate*. When once they have chosen to be Ministers of the Gospel, they are not to meddle with the temporal concerns of the community. Where they had endowments of land under the royal Government, the law has *limited* the extent of the value of their possessions. The object has been to *prevent them from becoming rich*; and this for two purposes; namely, to prevent them from having a mischievous influence in politics, and to make them diligent and useful in religion. No man ever sees a minister of religion, in America, engaged in *games* or *sports* of any kind. He is never seen at a horse-race, or with a gun in his hand.—He very frequently *works*; very frequently handles the axe and the spade; but never the gun, the pack of cards, or the billiard-stick and balls. What would the people there say, if they were to see a Minister of the Gospel, an Apostle of the meek and merciful

Jesus, come galloping down a hill, his finger poked into his ear to prevent the sound from escaping sideways, and bawling *tally-ho ! tally-ho !* What would they think of such an *Apostle* ? Such a shepherd ; such a guardian of the flock of Christ ? Does any body think, that they would go the next Sunday to hear such a man ? Does any body think that they would be the religious people that they now are ? —For, mind, it is beyond all dispute, that they are the *most religious* people in the world. — Now, what more do we want to show, that to prevent the ministers from being *rich* is the best way to *promote religion* ? If we did want any thing more, have we not what we want in the state of the Church - ministers themselves ? Who is it that perform the duties in the Churches ? The *poor* clergy, and not the rich ones. The *curates*, who receive each about as much as a lord's coachman. To these, and to the parsons, who have one little living and no more, all the *duties* of the Church are left. The rich parsons seldom see their living. They are generally as much strangers to their flocks as if they were real foreigners, and living in a foreign country. What more is wanted,

then, than that which the curate receives ? This is all that now really goes to the *teacher* : the rest goes to the *sportsman*, the *gentleman*, the *Justice of the Peace*. If indeed, it be thought wise, to burden the land with *tithes*, in order to support a parcel of shooters, hunters and justices ; that is another matter ; but, to pretend, that it is necessary to support *religion* is absurd, and must proceed from folly, or from hypocrisy. It being then manifest, that it is not for the support of *religion*, that this immense mass of property is now employed, the next question is, whether it might not be better employed than in the creating of sportsmen and in the qualifying of men to be Justices of the Peace ; or in enabling them to live like lords. It is a mass of property *belonging to the nation*. That is a clear case, because the Parliament once took it from another *sort* of clergy and gave it to the present *sort*. It could have *sold it*, if it would, then ; and, of course, it can do the same now. To dispute this, would be to support the notion, that there is a body of men in the country *above the law*, beyond the power of the Parliament. But, the fact is, that a part of the property *has been*

sold of late years, by law. The whole, therefore, can be sold, and as it manifestly is not wanted for the purpose of supporting religion, to what use can it so well be applied as to the reducing of the Debt?—This, therefore, appears to be one of the first steps that ought to be taken. The amount is immense, and the relief would be in proportion to the amount. One of two things, however, appears to be inevitable: a cessation of *rents*, or a cessation of *tithes*. For, as to the labourers, *fed* they must be, and *fed* they *will* be, in spite of all the manifestoes of all the greedy and merciless rascals upon the face of the earth.

COL. GORE AND CORPORAL GEORGE.

THE COURT-MARTIAL.

(Concluded from our last.)

William Cooper examined.---I am now, and was footman to Colonel Gore in August last. I remember his going to Ramsgate; I remember Friday the 2d of August; I waited upon him at dinner that day; he dined about half-past six; I carried his dinner up to him in his own room. During dinner I was up and down with him

several times; I saw him about half-past seven, after he had dined; it was impossible for Colonel Gore, after he came in to dinner, at half-past seven, to have gone out without my knowledge; when he did go out, he went out in the tilbury with his father.

Examined by the Court.---I saw Colonel Gore several times that afternoon before he went out; he was dressed in a red-striped dressing gown. When he went out I believe he wore a blue coat. I cannot say whether he wore blue or white trowsers; I believe it was either one or the other. I do not remember whether Colonel Gore's father went up to him during dinner or not. He might have done so without my seeing him. Colonel Gore here announced that he had no other witness to call.

The President asked Corporal George whether he had any other witnesses to call, or any further remarks to make.

Corporal George, in reply, complained that after he had first mentioned the business in the canteen, he was solemnly charged, on pain of confinement, to hold his tongue on the subject, even to the peril of his life, or he might have found some soldier who had seen him in company with Colonel Gore.

The President remarked, that it was fit he should be restrained from circulating such a story till

the facts were properly inquired into.

Colonel WOODFORD stated, that so far was Corporal George from being prevented from looking for witnesses, that he had full permission to go out whenever he chose for that purpose, in company with a sergeant.

The Sergeant being present, confirmed Colonel Woodford's statement, and said that he had repeatedly asked George whether he wished to go any where, as he was ready to accompany him.

The COURT now asked George whether he could mention any person whom he was desirous of being called to support his statement, and who he had been prevented from bringing forward. He answered in the negative.

The proceedings were here closed. The Court was here cleared, and the Members proceeded to deliberate on their judgment.

N. B. The sequel of this affair is that Corporal George has since

been tried by a Court-martial, and has been sentenced to imprisonment in the Brixton Penitentiary for twelve months. No other particulars whatever have transpired. We subjoin the following paragraph from the *Statesman* of yesterday.—“ By an article in our paper of Tuesday week (which was also in the last *Register*) great public attention has been drawn to this subject ; but not more than it deserves : for, it is a very striking specimen of the manner in which the **THING** works. We hope the public, until Parliament meet, will have an eye upon the matter, and not forget, that *Corporal George* is in *Brixton House of Correction*. *GEORGE's trial* was not published. We regret this exceedingly ; for, we should have liked to see how it was carried on, and what evidence was brought to prove that his story was false.”

MARKETS.

[The average price of Wheat appears to be two or three shillings per quarter higher than at the beginning of the month. This is principally owing to the lessened quantity of the inferior Wheat of last year in the Markets.]

Average Price of CORN throughout ENGLAND, for the week ending Sept. 21st.

Per Quarter.

	s.	d.
Wheat	40	6
Rye	17	7
Barley	25	11
Oats	18	11
Beans	23	6
Pease	25	8

At MARK LANE (same week).

Per Quarter.

	s.	d.
Wheat	41	10
Rye	25	11
Barley	20	4
Oats	18	11
Beans	24	8
Pease	28	1

SMITHFIELD, Monday, Sept. 30th.

Per Stone of 8 pounds (alive).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef	2	6	to	3 4
Mutton	2	4	—	2 10
Veal	3	0	—	4 0
Pork	3	0	—	4 0

NEWGATE (same day).

Per Stone of 8 pounds (dead).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef	1	10	to	2 6
Mutton	1	8	—	2 4
Veal	2	8	—	4 0
Pork	2	4	—	3 8
Lamb	0	0	—	0 0

BACON.

City, 2. Oct.

The demand for this article still goes on briskly for the time of year; and prices are a little bet-

ter; that is, the nominal prices of the last few weeks are more readily obtained. Best, 32s. — Middling and heavy, 26s. to 28s. — Dried, 2s. 6d. to 2s. 8d. per stone of 8lbs.

BUTTER.

The speculation, to which we alluded last week, has caused a considerable advance in this article. A single individual, it is said, has purchased to the amount of £100,000. This is the first speculation upon a large scale, which has been made in this trade, since the disastrous year of 1818; the result of *that* year's operations having made the merchants and tradesmen timid. Up to this time there is undoubtedly a great deficiency in the supplies of Irish Butter; but as those supplies are very precarious as to time, the present deficiency may be more than made good betwixt this and Christmas. At present appearances are in favour of the speculators. Carlow, 84s. to 86s. — Belfast, 82s. to 84s. — Dublin, 80s. to 82s. — Waterford, 78s. to 80s. — Cork, 76s. to 78s. — Limerick, 76s. — Dutch, 90s. to 92s.

CHEESE

Begins to get heavy; and the factors who were so imprudent as to purchase largely at the advanced rates occasioned *solely* by the unusually *hot summer*, already see their error; and manifest great anxiety to get rid of their stocks. This will produce the result we have, for some time past, been predicting; namely, a great fall in the price of all that is not very fine. — Old Cheshire, 60s. to 74s.; New, 44s. to 50s. — Old Double Gloucester, 46s. to 54s.; New, 42s. to 48s.; Single, 36s. to 44s.; Inferior, 28s. to 34s. — Derby (coloured) 46s. to 50s.; (pale) 42s. to 46s. — Fine Red Somerset, 60s. to 63s. — Round Dutch, 38s.